

Parents by pumpkin_collector

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Characters: Ben Hanscom (mentioned), Beverly Marsh (mentioned), Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak (mentioned), Mike Hanlon (mentioned), Richie Tozier (mentioned), Stanley Uris, Stanley Uris's Parents

Relationships: Bill Denbrough/St Stanley Uris, if you squint

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Summary:

Stan's father really isn't the best person.

Parents

"Stanley. There is a week until your Grandmother comes over and instead of practicing the violin, you're running around with your friends" His father stood in the doorway, his voice startling Stan. He turned to face him and tilted his gaze downwards. His father saw it as disrespectful if he didn't do so. "I practice it three times every week, though, sir" He said quietly but loud enough for him to hear it. "Your free time should be spent playing the violin. Not watching birds or hanging out with your little friends, especially Denbrough's boy" He said strictly. "Do you understand?" His voice boomed this and Stan shook slightly.

"Y-yes, sir."

"Good that."

His dad left the room, but popped his head back in. "And men don't stutter" He said harshly before slamming the door closed. Stan's hands shook as he opened up his violin case. He placed it on his bed and retrieved the stand and music sheets. He flipped to his favourite song and played it over and over. Hours had passed and Stan was as tired as tired could be. He was supposed to be hanging out with Bill today but his dad wouldn't ever let him leave the house after that talk.

Stan played the song once more before deciding to switch to a different one. It was his least favourite but his dad demanded him to play it when his Grandma came to visit. He was bad at it, one couldn't deny that, but he was getting better. He just wished it wasn't a forced thing. He loved the violin until his father decided that it was his number one priority.

As he was playing, he heard a knock on his window that made him jump violently. He looked over at it with wide eyes, only to realize that it was Bill. Adrenaline still rushed through him despite being calm. He unlatched the windows and let Bill climb in. "What are you doing here!?" He yelled in a hushed whisper. "You didn't s-show up a-at the park so I w-was worried!" Stan felt dread but also warmth in his chest.

"Don't make a sound" Stan said and closed the window. He picked up his violin again and began playing. The noise was loud enough to cover up Bill's quiet voice. "So you've b-been doing t-this all day?" An upset look rested on his face. "Dad said I should spend my free time

learning for grandma's visit" Bill nodded, but a frown remained on his face.

"No o-offense, b-but-"

"I'm not that good? Yeah, I know"

A silence fell between them and they both concentrated on the sound of the violin. Stan heard stomping coming from the stairs and he rushed to get Bill in the closet before returning to where he stood.

Panic raced through his body but he kept a calm look on his face and played the song. "Stanley. Why haven't you improved on this song yet?" Stan stopped playing and looked down. "I don't know, sir". His dad glared at him and shook his head. "You know exactly why. You've been hanging around with bad people, Stanley. The whore, the faggot, the schizophrenic child, the fatass, that pussy Denbrough kid, and that n-"

"I'm sorry, sir" Stan rushed out, knowing that he probably shouldn't have. "Did you just interrupt me?" Stan remained quiet, fear coursing through him. "Answer me!" He yelled and Stan flinched. "Those things aren't true" He said quietly. "What did you just say?"

"I'm sorry dad, but those things aren't true!" He looked up at him, a glare on his face. His dad just stared at him, eyes full of fire. He reeled his hand back and before Stan could even try to dodge, it came down upon his cheek. "You're fucking grounded. You are not coming out of this room unless I let you" He stomped out and slammed the door.

Stan was speechless as he held his cheek. He curled up into a ball and sobbed quietly. The closet door creaked open and footsteps padded over beside him. Bill put an arm around him and hugged him closer. "I'm sorry, Bill" Stan lifted his head and looked over at him, a pitiful look on his face. "Don't be. Y-you stuck up for us e-even though you knew y-you would get in trouble" Bill rested his head on Stan's shoulder. Stan smiled softly and rested his head on Bill's.

"Thanks"

"What f-for?"

"For coming here. For hanging out with me. For existing. For everything, really"

Bill laughed softly, a wide smile breaking out on his face. "Yeah, it's all for you"